

here looks for an explanation. Pray, Mr. Pattieson, have you been in Edinburgh?'

I answered in the affirmative.

'Then you must have passed, occasionally at least, though probably not so faithfully as I am doomed to do, through a narrow intricate passage, leading out of the north-west corner of the Parliament Square, and passing by a high and antique building, with turrets and iron grates,

Making good the saying odd,
Near the church and far from God' —

Mr. Halkit broke in upon his learned counsel, to contribute his moiety to the riddle — 'Having at the door the sign of the Red Man —'

'And being on the whole,' resumed the counsellor, interrupting his friend in his turn, 'a sort of place where misfortune is happily confounded with guilt, where all who are in wish to get out —'

'And where none who have the good luck to be out wish to get in,' added his companion.

'I conceive you, gentlemen,' replied I: 'you mean the prison.'

'The prison,' added the young lawyer. 'You have hit it — the very reverend tolbooth itself; and let me tell you, you are obliged to us for describing it with so much modesty and brevity; for with whatever amplifications we might have chosen to decorate the subject, you lay entirely at our mercy, since the Fathers Conscrip of our city have decreed that the venerable edifice itself shall not remain in existence to confirm or to confute us.'

'Then the tolbooth of Edinburgh is called the Heart of Midlothian?' said I.

'So termed and reputed, I assure you.'

'I think,' said I, with the bashful diffidence with which a man lets slip a pun in the presenee of his superiors, 'the metropolitan county may, in that case, be said to have a sad heart.'

'Right as my glove, Mr. Pattieson,' added Mr. Hardie; 'and a close heart, and a hard heart. Keep it up, Jack.'

'And a wicked heart, and a poor heart,' answered Halkit, doing his best.

'And yet it may be called in some sort a strong heart, and a high heart,' rejoined the advocate. 'You see I can put you both out of heart.'